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curc no pay...



* * * THIS little piece was found among the papers of a physician lately deceased, and, as it may prove a mild corrective to a great evil, it is here submitted to the public eye; but, with this earnest request on the part of the Editor, that no individual will consider himself as pointed at. The satire is general, and extends in a right line from Warwick-lane to St. Ambrose, without going one yard out of the road.

No Cure no Pay;

OR, THE

PHARMACOPOLIST.

A POSTHUMOUS FARCE.

“LAST.

“But my master Tyth'em tells me, that I can get it done for pretty
“near the same price here in London.” *Devil upon two Sticks.*

LONDON:

PRINTED—ANNO 1794.

Dramatis Personae.

Dr. WAX.

Mr. MUDGE, an Apothecary.

The LORD MAYOR.

ALDERMAN CRAPE, an Undertaker.

Dr. POTION, }
Dr. MOTION, } Regular Physicians.

MARROWBONE, a Journeyman.

TOM, GEORGE, and CHARLES, Apprentices.

PENDRAGON.

CAXON, a Porter.

FOOTBOY, PATIENTS, CONSTABLE, and ATTENDANTS.

Mrs. MUDGE.

MAID-SERVANT.



THE
PHARMACOPOLIST.

ACT I.

SCENE—A STREET.

Enter DR. POTION *and* DR. MOTION.

DR. POTION.

WHAT is your opinion, Dr. Motion, of the present epidemical Cynanche? Do you follow the *hot* or the *cold* regimen?

DR. MOTION.

A physician, Dr. Potion, who expects to become eminent in his profession, should have something singular in his practice; for which reason, I have adopted the *luke-warm* regimen. So that when the *hot* and the *cold* doctor have alarmed a family, anxious for the recovery of a favourite child, the *luke-warm* physician, of course, is called in as Moderator. You understand me.

[*Enter a Porter with hand-bills.—He delivers one to Dr. Potion.*]

DR. POTION.

Be so obliging, Dr. Motion, as to read this bill, for I have got a steatomatous tumour upon my left eye-lid.

DR. MOTION.

Let me see.—*The CELEBRATED DR. WAX, a Member of almost all the learned Societies in Europe, a Licenciate of Medicine, and a Graduate of St. Ambrose, gives this public notice, that he may be consulted every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, between the hours of twelve and two, at the shop of Mr. Mudge, Pharmacopolist, in Bilberry-street, where all persons, labouring under known and unknown diseases, may receive a speedy, cheap, and certain cure. The Doctor publicly asserts his supremacy over every Member of the College; and for the truth of this assertion, he has only to appeal to thousands in this metropolis, who, from the highest degree of marasmus and atrophy, are now in the full enjoyment of health and spirits,—to the disgrace of some high characters in the healing art.*

* * * *The Doctor's fee, for advice and medicines, is only one shilling, to be returned if the patient is not relieved in twelve hours.*

There's for you, Dr. Potion! high characters disgrac'd! and by a fellow, who, I am well informed, was brought up to a working trade, and who, at this very hour, follows the occupation of a shoemaker. An impudent varlet!—I told you, Dr. Potion, when we gave this artful fellow a licence, that he would disgrace the college. Instead of settling in the country, as he promised, he has fixed himself within the very bills of mortality; and, would you believe it! the street he lives in, is so crowded thrice a-week, that it has the appearance of a public execution. The question I asked him, on his examination was, “Where does the pancreas lie.”—When, with the most consummate effrontery, he answered, “About two miles from London.”—A plague on all such licences! (a)

DUET.

DR. POTION.

Dearest, dearest Dr. Motion,
How these cursed Quacks increase!
Oh that they were sunk i'th' ocean,
For they steal our golden fleece.

Ev'ry rogue a nostrum broaching,
Silly women to bewitch;
Soon the rascal rides his coach in,
On a sudden growing rich.

DR. MOTION.

From such knaves my soul abhorrent,
 With vexation turns her eyes;
 How to stem this rising torrent,
 Can we any means devise!

Let us give them elaterium,
 Five-and-twenty grains a day;
 That will soon produce delirium,
 And will pack the knaves away.

BOTH.

We will give them elaterium,
 Five-and-twenty grains a day;
 That will soon produce delirium,
 And will pack the knaves away.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE—AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP IN LONDON.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM, GEORGE, CHARLES,
 CAXON, *and* FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

Bustle, bustle, my lads; the procession will be here presently. Tom, form that mass of Pil Rufi into pills of five grains each: Gild them well, and let them be directed to Lady Millington. George,

make up an electuary of any soft stuff in the shop, no matter what, if it only keep your elbows in motion when my Lord Mayor passes by. Charles, spread a large blister for the nape of the neck, and another for the head; and, if asked, say they are for a great Politician, who has lately lost his senses. Mr. Marrowbone, you will take care to overlook the whole, and see that every thing be conducted with regularity and alertness: Be particularly careful that Caxon employs himself stoutly at the great mortar, and that the footboy rattles his sieve upon the counter with dexterity: I shall just step into the parlour, and when the procession enters the street, let me be called. [Exit.

MARROWBONE.

This master of ours is a most unaccountable man indeed. Without any more private practice than would maintain a couple of spaniels, he preserves the appearance of full business, which gains him so much credit with his neighbours, that, to my knowledge, he has borrowed two hundred pounds annually for these three years past. That, however, is no business of ours, we live well and have easy places.

TOM.

Mr. Marrowbone, there is not a bit of Pil Rufi in the pot.

MARROWBONE.

Then step to the pastry cook's at the next door, and bring some paste instantly : When disguised, it will make a box of excellent pills. (b) [*Exit Tom.*]

CHARLES.

Won't that be very dishonest, Mr. Marrowbone ?

MARROWBONE.

The word *honesty*, Charles, has a different signification in the city, from what it has in the country. The great Dr. Johnson, in the last edition of his Dictionary, has the word thus ; HONESTY, a noun substantive. It is derived from HONESTAS, and formerly meant TRUTH, SINCERITY, UPRIGHTNESS, but now has a different signification. See ROGUE.

SONG.

The world loves to be cheated,
As all wise men may see ;
Then let the world be treated,
As it deserves to be.

CHOR. And a cheating we will go, will go, will go,
And a cheating we will go.

THE PHARMACOPOLIST.

7

The Lawyer cheats us of our wealth.
Pretending wealth to give ;
The Doctor cheats us of our health,
We die that he may live.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c.

The noisy Patriots all are cheats,
For Liberty who bawl,
For when the "greasy sop" is got,
The De'il may take you all.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c.

The crafty Methodistic blade,
With eyes brimful of tears,
Devoutly hugs a pretty maid,
And bids her damn her fears.

CHOR. And a cheating, &c.

The Tradesman is a cunning cheat,
To cheat's his golden rule ;
The wisest men live by deceit,
An honest man's a fool.

CHOR. And a cheating we will go, will go, will go,
And a cheating we will go.

Re-enter TOM.

TOM.

I have brought the paste, Mr. Marrowbone ; what
must I do with it ?

MARROWBONE.

Put it into the small brass mortar, and beat it up into a mass with a drachm of lamp-black, to be formed into pills of five grains each.—For the future, Charles, ask no questions, but do as you are commanded, and keep faithfully and honestly the secrets of the shop, to which you are bound by your indentures.

ALL.

We will be as secret as the grave, Mr. Marrowbone.

MARROWBONE.

Sir, Sir, the procession is entering the street:—I hear the music at a distance.

Enter MR. MUDGE.

MR. MUDGE.

All hands to work, my lads.—The great mortar founds much too sharp.

CAXON.

I have nothing to put into it, Sir.

MR. MUDGE.

Put that into it, you blockhead. [*Pulling off his woollen night-cap.*] Now there is something to work

upon. George, move your elbows a little faster.—
You boy, rattle your sieve a little smarter.—Bravo!
Bravo!

[Walks backward and forward smartly.]

[Enter a procession of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, returning from Guildhall, with music. When the Lord Mayor comes opposite to the shop, Mr. Mudge respectfully bows to him.]

LORD MAYOR.

I fear, Mr. Mudge, the city is very sickly.

MR. MUDGE.

It is, my Lord: And I assure your Lordship, that at this present moment, I have no less than seventy patients at the point of death.

MARROWBONE.

Seventy-three, Sir, upon the day-book.

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, seventy-three, my Lord,—all of whom are under a course of my Black Antipestilential Pills; and I will engage for it, that not above one in the whole number shall die. Nay, my Lord, I have cured people even after they *were* dead. For, ac-

according to the doctrine of a celebrated philosopher, no man is properly dead till he is rotten; and, I assure your Lordship, that this great discovery has not only filled my pockets, but has considerably decreased the bills of mortality. I have just now four dead men under a course of my Reviving Embrocation. One has already stirred his right leg—another has mov'd his left eye-lid,—and Mr. Cotillon, the dancing-master, who has been two days dead, will, I hope, within a week, be able to dance a minuet;—and my fourth patient, a waiter at the Devil Tavern, has been heard to cry, “Coming, Sir,” as he lay in his coffin!

LORD MAYOR.

These are wonderful cures, Mr. Mudge!

MR. MUDGE.

Wonderful indeed, my Lord Mayor!—Death, my Lord, is now quite undone. He may sell his scythe to some Irish haymaker, and his hourglafs to the proprietors of the Tabernacle.—Ha! ha! ha!—Upon my word, my Lord Mayor, it is truly comical to see people walking the streets, after lying at the bottom of the Thames for a fortnight! And no longer ago than last Friday, a man was taken to an Undertaker's in Grace-church-street, for interment, having fallen

from the top of the Monument, upon a cart loaded with hay. At first the Undertaker denied me entrance; but having obtained a writ of Habeas Corpus, I gained admittance, and, in a few hours, sent the man home to his family, without any other damage than the loss of two fore-teeth, which I am in hopes of replacing as soon as the scavenger has found them. (c)

SONG.

Deck'd with scutcheon, pall, and plume,
The coach and hearse arrive;
To the destin'd door they come,
Where's the dead man? "He's alive."

"With bellows, drops, and embrocation,
"Doctor Mudge he came to day,
"He restor'd his circulation,
"Gave his lungs again to play."

Now you all may sing and roar,
Ever jovial laugh at death;
My drops shall drive him from your door,
And restore your fleeting breath.

LORD MAYOR.

Pray, Mr. Mudge, let me have a box of your Pistilential Pills, and a bottle of Brocation, for I think no good family should be without them.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship shall have them to-morrow. Those upon the counter are for a Mr. Smallwood, of Berkshire, of whom I bought an estate the other day, value seven thousand pounds; and if I would give the world, I know not how to raise the last five hundred, without selling out.

LORD MAYOR.

My good friend, Mr. Mudge, bring the pills to-morrow, and think no more of the five hundred. You shall have it upon your note, and twice as much if you want it.

MR. MUDGE.

I shall wait upon your Lordship to-morrow forenoon, but beg that the money may not be engaged to me, for if stocks rise in the Alley, I shall certainly sell.

LORD MAYOR.

I hope they will fall, Mr. Mudge.—You will, however, eat some turtle with me to-morrow at four.

MR. MUDGE.

Your Lordship is very kind.

LORD MAYOR.

Good morrow, Mr. Mudge.

[*The procession moves on. When Alderman Crape comes opposite to Mr. Mudge, the following short dialogue takes place.*]

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

You are a vile rascal, Mr. Mudge; and when you die, you must not expect the burial of a Christian.

MR. MUDGE.

I never offended you, Mr. Crape, in my life; and, I assure you, it is my utmost ambition to live upon good terms with all my neighbours—Mr. Alderman Crape, the *Undertaker*, in particular.

ALDERMAN CRAPE.

The Faculty were formerly my best friends, but you, Mr. Mudge, have ruined the whole fraternity. In a little time we shall have nothing left to bury but lap-dogs and kept mistresses.

SONG.

'Tis hard in this land, for freedom renown'd,
A man cannot quietly fall to the ground;
There yield up his breath, and fast close his eyes,
But you come like a prophet, and bid him arise.

You come with your bellows, and damn'd embrocations,
 Your blisters, and glysters, and strong fumigations :
 New health. and new strength, and new spirits you give,
 And, without his *consent*, you compel him to live. (d)

You are a most abominable villain, Mr. Mudge!—a
 most abominable villain, indeed !

[The procession moves off.]

ACT II.

SCENE—AN APOTHECARY'S SHOP.

MR. MUDGE, MARROWBONE, TOM, GEORGE, CHARLES,
 CAXON, and FOOTBOY.

MR. MUDGE.

It is now past twelve o'clock, and no Doctor:—
 I fear the fellow has some thoughts of leaving us ;
 for, if you remember, Mr. Marrowbone, he has of
 late been remarkably careless; and no longer ago
 than last Wednesday, he complained that our ling-
 liver oil stunk most abominably ; when the blockhead
 should have known, that the excellence of a medi-

cine rises in proportion as it stinks. But here comes the Doctor.

Enter DR. WAX, dressed like a Shoemaker.

DR. WAX.

Your servant, Mr. Mudge, your servant.

MR. MUDGE.

I began to think you late, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

You have no reason to complain of my punctuality, Mr. Mudge. I assure you I have had *tempting* offers. My present terms with you, Mr. Mudge, are these: The use of a black suit of clothes, and a tye-wig, when I am *in* my profession—I mean *out* of my profession. For though I have gone a little beyond my *last*, I am still a shoemaker as you all know.

ALL.

Ha! ha! ha!

DR. WAX.

You are also, by agreement, to provide me with a pair of laced ruffles, and a dinner, on the days that I prescribe, together with ten shillings and sixpence

in hard money. Now, what I propose is, that you will make the sum up fifteen shillings, and, at the same time, engage to take your shoes of me.

MR. MUDGE.

Agreed.—And now, Doctor, what made you so late to day?

DR. WAX.

To tell you the truth, Mr. Mudge, I was debating with Mrs. Wax, whether I had not better give over the trade of a Doctor. My conscience said, Yes; my wife and five children said, No.

MR. MUDGE.

A plague on your conscience! A Doctor with a conscience is no Doctor at all. Do you think that Dr. Mead, and Dr. Radcliffe, could have left ninety thousand pounds behind them, if they had had any conscience! When I got you a licence last year, did not I tell you that you must forswear all conscience: It is one of the most troublesome things a wise man can carry about with him. But our patients will be here presently, so let us retire to dress for their reception. Say not one word more about conscience, Doctor.

DR. WAX.

Not one word more about it, as I hope for forgiveness in the next world.

[*Exeunt* Mr. Mudge, Dr. Wax, Apprentices,
and Footboy.

MARROWBONE.

Well might our master talk against conscience; he is one of the most unconscionable rogues that ever broke bread. Suppose you and I, Caxon, were to preserve the small stock of conscience we have left, and turn Methodists. You have an excellent voice for a groan, and I think I can do something as a preacher. Methodism is one of the best religions upon earth, for good eating. You remember Strap, a thin meagre fellow of a barber, that lived, or rather existed, at the next door; he is now grown so sleek and fat, by constantly preaching against the good things of this world, that I protest I mistook him the other day, for Mr. Swill, the mild-ale brewer, in the Minorities. Besides, it is whispered abroad, that the leading men of the Tabernacle intend to petition Parliament, "That every man may have two wives;" a *Winter* wife, and a *Summer* wife.

CAXON.

But if Parliament, Mr. Marrowbone, should not grant their petition :—What then ?

M A R R O W B O N E.

In that case, Caxon, they will UNANIMOUSLY RESOLVE “To have no wives at all.” (c).

S O N G.

By custom ty'd up, and chain'd fast for his life,

The man sure is bold whoe'er marries a wife,

To have and to hold, for better for worfe,

As Madam turns out a blessing or curse.

CHOR. But a pious old Doctor has taught a new way,

And open'd our eyes by his Thelyphthora.

Should your rib prove unkind ; again you may wed,

And a score at a time you may take to your bed ;

You have nothing to do but to rifle their charms,

And call for fresh maids, blushing maids, to your arms.

CHOR. For a pious old Doctor, &c.

He plainly has prov'd what in Scripture we're told,

That your Abrams, and Isaacs, and Patriarchs of old,

From low superstition and prejudice free,

All, all knew the blessings of Polygamy.

CHOR. Then thank the good Doctor who has taught a new way,

And open'd our eyes by his Thelyphthora.

CAXON.

Hush! here comes the Doctor.

Enter DR. WAX, MR. MUDGE, APPRENTICES, and
FOOTBOY.

[The Doctor is conducted to his seat with great ceremony. The patients come in and range themselves in order. A table before the Doctor, with pen, ink, and paper.]

DR. WAX.

During the course of my practice, I have observed that in cold weather, cold diseases prevail, and in hot weather, hot diseases; for which reason, I take care to have this shop well supplied with medicines according to the respective seasons. This being a very cold day, I shall only prescribe hot things; so I hope, Mr. Mudge, you are well stocked with powdered ginger, allspice, horse-radish, and Cayenne pepper, for the use of the diseased persons now before me.

MR. MUDGE.

We are provided, Sir, with a most excellent stock.

DR. WAX.

I also hope you have laid in a good quantity of soot, an approv'd remedy for low spirits.

MR. MUDGE.

I have the sweepings of four chimnies in the next room. But pray, Doctor, what are the reasons why soot is so generally prescribed in lowness of spirits?

DR. WAX.

I will tell you.——Some years ago, a member of our college, having frequent occasion to pass through St. Paul's Churchyard, remarked that the young chimney-sweepers, stationed in that neighbourhood, were constantly in high spirits. This observation he communicated to some learned members of the college, who, improving upon the remark, invented that wonderful medicine called Tincture of Soot. The college, however, have recommended an improper kind of soot: For, I take upon me to say, that soot from the Lord Mayor's kitchen, after a city feast, differs as essentially from that taken from the wood-fire of a parish workhouse, as does a cup of brandy, from a glass of cold water. But let us proceed to business.——You with the red face

come forward. I see you are troubled with a cold scurvy. How long have you had it?

FIRST PATIENT.

Near two years, Doctor.—The humour is very hot indeed.

DR. WAX.

I tell you it is very cold, and a true Norway scurvy. Give this patient an electuary of Cayenne pepper and flour of mustard.

MARROWBONE.

Take this, as directed, and wash it down with three spoonfulls of geneva and water.—You are to pay one shilling. *[Exit 1st Patient.]*

DR. WAX.

You in the blue coat, come forward. Describe your complaints.

SECOND PATIENT.

I have a violent pain in my side, which my neighbours call a pleurisy. I got it by falling down stairs when I was drunk for Admiral Blank's great victory over the Indians.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient an electuary of mustard and ginger, to keep his patriotism warm. [*Exit 2d Patient.*]
You in the grey coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

THIRD PATIENT.

I write for the Ministry. My complaints are a swimming in my head, with a constant craving for food.

DR. WAX.

I will have nothing to do with writers for the Ministry. They have a Dispensary of their own. (f)
[*Exit 3d Patient.*]

You in the brown coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

FOURTH PATIENT.

I am a writer against the Ministry. My complaints are an obstinate hoarseness, and rising of the lights. I have bad nights, and horrid dreams.

DR. WAX.

I can do you no service. If you are good for anything the Ministry will cure you. [*Exit 4th Patient.*]

Enter PENDRAGON.

PENDRAGON.

Let me have twelve pennyworth of Wade's Balsam.

MARROWBONE.

We only dispense medicines, Sir, we sell none. You may be a patient if you please, Sir. The Doctor is ready, and will give you advice upon moderate terms.

PENDRAGON.

Stand aside, ye vile excrescences of the earth! and let me have a few words with the Doctor.—Look at me, Sir.

DR. WAX.

Pray, Sir, what is your profession, and what are your complaints?

PENDRAGON.

I am by profession a soldier, and if I have a complaint,—it is an unquenchable thirst after military glory.

MR. MUDGE.

That is a strange disease indeed, and as strange that before now you should not have found a cure for it.

DR. WAX.

Suppose, Sir, you were to embark for Gibraltar.

PENDRAGON.

No! Though I am brave, I am not a Salamander.

MR. MUDGE.

Suppose you were to go into America,

PENDRAGON.

Cowards! Dastardly cowards all!—Pendragon will never stain his sword with the blood of cowards. (g)

MR. MUDGE.

Suppose you were to serve a campaign against the Turks.

PENDRAGON.

No! At this moment my country trembles under the apprehension of invasion from the French, Spaniards, Dutch, Americans, and the whole world.—At such a crisis, my services cannot be dispensed

with.—Zounds, I shall burst with rage!—Do you laugh at me, you pityful villain?

[To 5th Patient.]

FIFTH PATIENT.

You really remind me so much of Captain Bobadil, in the Play, that it was not in my power to refrain from laughing.

PENDRAGON.

I will cut you into shreds, you vile representative of a man!

[Draws a long sword.]

FIFTH PATIENT.

I know nothing of the sword, but at cudgels I am your man.

SONG.

PENDRAGON.

Honour and arms scorn such a foe,
Tho' I could end thee at a blow;
Poor victory to conquer thee,
Or glory in thy overthrow;
Vanquish a slave that is half slain,
So mean a triumph I disdain.

And yet I *must* cudgel the dog.—Bring cudgels instantly.—Quick.

[Mr. Marrowbone *brings cudgels from under the counter. The combatants take a bout or two in the street, and Pendragon is worsted.*]

PENDRAGON.

This is not a soldier's weapon. A truce. I will not waste my courage upon a man no bigger than a ninepin.

FIFTH PATIENT.

I am the better man of the two; so stand upon your defence. [*Beats him.*]

PENDRAGON.

My eyes grow dim, and the street turns round with me. Carry me off. Bind up my wounds! Bind up my wounds! [*Faints and is carried off.*]

SIXTH PATIENT.

There goes the vile representative of a man!

Enter a Woman, who places herself behind the 5th Patient.

DR. WAX.

You bold little fellow with the waistcoat under your arm, come forward. What are your complaints?

FIFTH PATIENT.

I have, Doctor, so many complaints that I hardly know where to begin. In the first place, I have a termagant vixen of a wife, who has worn me almost as thin as my measure. Was she to——

WOMAN.

What!—me a termagant!—me a vixen!—I'll pull your eyes out, you white-livered villain.—I thought, as how, I should find you out; and here it is you spend all your money in pills and pots of electuary. I tell you, Gentlemen, if you encourage my husband any longer, me and my poor children must go to the workhouse. The French gentleman who lodges at our house, says, as how he is a Mal-imaginary Man, and cannot be cured.

MR. MUDGE.

Woman, you are mad, and if you do not behave better, I shall have you sent to Bedlam.

WOMAN.

Me mad!—me a termagant!—me a vixen!—Sir, I'll box you——this waistcoat to half-a-crown.—— Give me the waistcoat, you pale-faced villain.

FIFTH PATIENT.

Dear Molly, be peaceable. It belongs to Mr. Screw, my Lord Wisacre's butler, and if I should lose it, I must never expect to hear a word more of the siege of Gibraltar, nor of Lord Cornwallis, nor of General Clinton, nor of Port Mahon, nor of Hyder-Ally, nor of the Taxes, nor of the North-River, nor of Lord George Gordon, nor of——

WOMAN.

Hold your peace, I say, or I'll trim your jacket. Now, come on—[*throws down the waistcoat, and puts herself in a posture of defence.*]——This waistcoat to half-a-crown.

MR. MUDGE.

Mistress, it is below my dignity to fight with a woman; so here is a crown for you. Carry your husband home, and be assured that he shall never be permitted to lay out another sixpence in my shop.

W O M A N.

I thank you, Gentlemen.—Come along you
Mal-imaginary Villain.

D U E T.

FIFTH PATIENT.

Let not rage your bosom firing,
Pity's softer flame remove;
Spare poor Jerry, just expiring,
Rack'd by illness, lost in love.

W O M A N.

Yes, Sir, rage my bosom firing,
Paltry pity shall submit,
I'll not spare you tho' expiring
In a raging cholic fit.

Am I a mad woman!—am I a termagant!—am I a
vixen!—am I a vixen!

[Beats him off with the waistcoat.]

D R. W A X.

You in the black coat come forward. What
business do you follow, and what are your com-
plaints?

SIXTH PATIENT.

I am a Curate. My complaint is the bloody-flux, contracted by sitting up late, writing verses for the good of my country.

DR. WAX.

You might have been better employed in writing sermons for the good of your parishioners.—How long have you had this complaint?

SIXTH PATIENT.

I have been ill near two months, and during all that time I have been under the care of an eminent physician; but I am now reduced so low that I am ready to sink into the earth.

DR. WAX.

Zounds!—your physician has murdered you. He has scraped your guts as thin as a pocket handkerchief, and if you had not come to me, you would have been in the hands of the undertaker within a week. I suppose you have taken plenty of physic, for the benefit of the apothecary. That is the way of all those eminent men; but I shall proceed in a different manner, so will cure you without any physic at all.

SIXTH PATIENT.

I shall be very thankful for the change, as I loath the very sight of an electuary, or a box of pills.

DR. WAX.

Attend to me.—You must breakfast upon tripe.—You must dine upon tripe.—You must sup upon tripe;—and, if you keep steady to this regimen, you may venture, in less than a month, to challenge a Lincolnshire ox for strength of bowels. (h)

SIXTH PATIENT.

I shall most punctually observe your directions; and, in the mean time, I am your much obliged and obedient servant. [Exit 6th Patient.

DR. WAX.

You in the grey coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

SEVENTH PATIENT.

I am a poet. My complaint is the windy cholic.

DR. WAX.

That is a common complaint with gentlemen of your profession. I suppose you are a politician too, as all poets are politicians now a-days.

SEVENTH PATIENT.

I am, Sir.—And I speak with exultation, when I inform you, that there has not a Ministry come in, or gone out, for these seven years past, without my having a hand either in their promotion or disgrace : But the promises of great men are now so little to be depended on, that I have determined to turn my back upon party, and, instead of reforming the nation, endeavour to reform myself.

DR. WAX.

Give us a specimen of your reformation.

SONG.

SEVENTH PATIENT.

Ye great Statesmen all,
Who in St. Stephen's Hall,
For the glory and good of the nation,
Arise for to bawl,
At Liberty's call,
And thunder for some reformation.

It is the old story,
This damn'd Whig and Tory,
'That dismembers and ruins the land ;
And the Scriptures with me,
In this point agree,
" A nation divided can't stand."

Come Britons, make ready,
Be loyal and steady,
You then shall be great as you're free;
And the nations around,
Will bow to the ground,
And worship the lords of the sea.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient a pint of sack, and a box of caraway comfits. The one will cure his bowels, and the other will mend his poetry.

[Exit 7th Patient.]

You in the red coat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

EIGHTH PATIENT.

I will not trouble your honour with my complaints, as I only come to beg a box of Black Basilicon to dress an old wound, got in the service of my king and country. As to my profession, I follow the fashionable one of a beggar. (i)

DR. WAX.

Give the old soldier a box of salve for nothing, and desire him to give us one of his best songs.

D

SONG.

EIGHTH PATIENT.

Why, good people all, at what do you pry,
Is't the stump of my arm or my leg,
Or the place where I lost my good-looking eye,
Or is it to see me beg?

Lord love you, hard fortune is nothing at all,
And he's but a fool and a dunce,
Who expects when he's running full butt 'gainst a wall,
Not to get a good rap on the scone.

If beg, borrow, or steal, be the choice of mankind,
Surely I choose the best of the three;
Besides, as times go, what a comfort to find,
That in this bad world there's some charity.

For a soldier I listed to grow great in fame,
And be shot at for sixpence a-day:
Lord help the poor poultry wherever I came,
For how could I live on my pay?

I went to the wars to fight the king's foes,
Where the bullets came whistling by,
Till they swiv'led three ribs, broke the bridge of my nose,
Queer'd my napper, and knock'd out an eye.

Well, what of all this, I'd my legs and my arms,
And at Chelsea to lie up was free,
Where my pipe I could smoke, talk of battles and storms,
And blefs his good Majesty's charity.

But thinking it shameful to live at my ease,
Away, while the frolic was warm,
In search of good fortune I sail'd the salt seas,
And so loses my leg and my arm.

With two strings to my bow, I now thought myself sure,
But such is the fortune of war,
As a Lobster at Greenwich they shewed me the door,
At Chelsea they called me a Tar.

So falling to nothing between these two stools,
I, the whole world before me, was free,
To ask comfort from misers and pity from fools,
And live on that air, men's charity.

And what now of all this here patter at last,
How many who hold their heads high,
And in Fashion's fine whirligigg fly round so fast,
Are but beggars as well as I.

The courtier he begs for a snug sinecure,
For a smile beg your amorous elves,
Churchwardens hand the plate, and beg round for the poor,
Just to pamper and fatten themselves.

Thus we're beggars throughout the whole race of mankind,
As by daily experience we see ;
And as times go, what a comfort to find
That in this bad world there's some charity.

[Exit 8th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

Desire the gentleman in the white coat to come forward. Pray, Sir, what business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

NINTH PATIENT.

I am a member of the London Association.

DR. WAX.

Then I suppose you are full of complaints.

NINTH PATIENT.

I see every thing crooked, and I have such a confused notion of colours, that I often mistake white for black. Red is so offensive, that I propose to move at our next meeting, that the whole army be clothed in black.

MR. MUDGE.

Pray, Sir, what was done at your last meeting?

NINTH PATIENT.

We resolved, That rotten boroughs should be lopped off:—That aristocracy should be humbled:—That monarchy should be weakened;—and, that King Log should be placed on the throne. All subordination will then cease, and no man will be higher

than his neighbour. Nothing will be bigger or better than another. A pint will be as large as a quart, and a shilling will be as good as a guinea. The sun will be made to shine both day and night, and the moon, in charity, will be sent to Greenland. Universal content will reign, and there will not be a murmur heard in the streets. Whig and Tory, Protestant and Papist, Long Wool and Short Wool will lose their distinctions, and every hill and every dale will echo back——

“Who are so happy, so happy as we.” (k)

DR. WAX.

Poor man, how he raves—(*Aside*). Your case, Sir, requires great consideration; you will therefore call again on Friday, at the usual hour.

NINTH PATIENT.

I thank you, Gentlemen.—“And who are so happy, so happy as we.” [*Exit 9th Patient singing.*]

DR. WAX.

Let the gentleman in the white wig come forward.—Pray, Sir, what are your complaints?

TENTH PATIENT.

I labour under a constant watchfulness, occasioned by sitting up late, planning schemes in favour of universal liberty.

MR. MUDGE.

Pray, Sir, what are your schemes?—for, if I mistake not, you are one of those who, instead of strengthening the bonds of human society, have torn them asunder; and instead of keeping up the harmony of subordination, have let every man loose upon his neighbour, to the subversion of all order and good government.

TENTH PATIENT.

When you have heard my schemes, you will think better of them.—My first plan is, To open all the jails and places of confinement throughout the kingdom; for no man ought to be deprived of liberty, by the force of any laws, to which he has not given his personal consent. My next plan is, That all children, on completing their first year, be exposed in the public streets, with liberty to creep into any house most agreeable and convenient to them; for all cribs, cradles, and back-strings, are infringements upon human liberty, and ought not to be tolerated in a free country. (1)

MR. MUDGE.

I suppose the famous jail-delivery of the year eighty, was of your planning.

TENTH PATIENT.

It was;—but the plan was defeated, by the prisoners making no distinction between liberty and licentiousness.

MR. MUDGE.

If you go on at this rate, your friends will take out a statute of lunacy against you.

TENTH PATIENT.

I will not be confined.——I *will* be mad if I please.——I will *not* be mad if I please; and no man shall deprive me of liberty:——A year, a day, an hour of virtuous liberty, is worth a whole eternity of bondage! [Exit 10th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

Desire the gentleman in boots to come forward.—Pray, Sir, what business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

ELEVENTH PATIENT.

I am huntsman to Sir Barnaby Careless. My complaint is a want of wind.

DR. WAX.

That is more the disease of a horse than of a man.

ELEVENTH PATIENT.

With sportsmen, Doctor, there is no difference. What is good for the one is good for the other.

DR. WAX.

Give this patient a pot of Markham's Balls.

[Exit 11th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the drab coat, come forward.—What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I have the care of a pot-farm, belonging to a physician. My complaint is a constant sickness, occasioned by being obliged to taste and smell the various stinking composts, which my master is daily inventing for the nourishment of vegetables.

DR. WAX.

Why don't you apply to your master for advice?

TWELFTH PATIENT.

In truth, Sir, he is so much taken up with experiments in agriculture, that he has no time to think

of his patients.—During the time we were nursing a sick potatoe, no less than seven patients slipped thro' his fingers; and, about a month ago, he was a whole hour in debating whether he should save a turnip-rooted cabbage, or the life of a first-rate speaker in the House of Commons. He at last decided in favour of the cabbage, which soon recovered, but the gentleman died.

MR. MUDGE.

Then I suppose your master is a ruined man.

TWELFTH PATIENT.

Quite the contrary.—His reputation encreased upon the occasion; and there was not a coffee-house, between the Royal Exchange and St. James's, in which his medical abilities were not spoken of in terms of the highest approbation.

MR. MUDGE.

Did the gentleman go with the Majority or the Minority?

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I am no politician, Sir; but I know he was a violent man on one side.

DR. WAX.

I would advise you to leave your master's service immediately, and go into the country, where you will have the benefit of pure air;—the only thing wanted in your case. (m)

TWELFTH PATIENT.

I thank you, Sir.

[Exit 12th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You with the dropsy, come forward.

THIRTEENTH PATIENT.

It is no dropsy, Doctor: It is all wind. My neighbours call it a Tympany.

DR. WAX.

You are a lucky man in being worth a Tympany. It will be an estate to you. Go to Oxford, and at the sign of "Father, Mother, and Suke," you will find a Doctor who buys bowel-air at sixpence a quart, for the use of consumptive persons.

MR. MUDGE.

Go down directly, and live upon pease-pudding till your fortune be made. (n)

THIRTEENTH PATIENT.

I most sincerely thank you gentlemen.

[Exit 13th Patient.]

DR. WAX.

You in the white waistcoat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

I am clerk to an Insurance-Office, and I verily believe I have as many complaints as there are blanks in the Lottery.—I have this morning consulted no less than three physicians.

DR. WAX.

Regulars,—I suppose!

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

Yes, Sir, they were all men of the first eminence.

DR. WAX.

And what did those men of eminence say?

FOURTEENTH PATIENT.

The first told me, that I must take a vomit.—
The second said, that a vomit would kill me, and recommended a purge.—The third said, that if I took either the one or the other, I would be a dead man within three days, so he prescribed a sweat.—Now, Sir, which ever advice I took, it was just two to one against me.

DR. WAX.

And so those Regulars have this morning picked your pocket of three guineas; a sum that, in my hands, would have kept you alive these seven years.—Mr. Marrowbone, give this patient a full pot of my Everlasting Carminative.—The price is only one shilling; and, for this one shilling, I will underwrite your constitution for twelve months to come.

[*Exit 14th Patient.*]

My blood boils when I think of those Regulars.—This day I had put into my hands a new Horn-book, which thy call a Dispensatory, in which there is not a pill or an electuary that has not got a new name. I tell you, Mr. Mudge, that I will not cure the King's subjects by any names but the old ones:—

With Dr. Wax, a spade shall always be a spade; and damn me, if ever I order a fomentation, or a glyster, to be prepared with distilled water.—(°)—You in the yellow waistcoat, come forward. What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

FIFTEENTH PATIENT.

I am a scullion in the Prince of Wales's kitchen. My complaint is the Phthysic.

DR. WAX.

I suppose there are rare doings in your kitchen.

FIFTEENTH PATIENT.

We dress more meat for the poor than for the rich; and give me leave to say, that was the Prince's purse as full as his heart, there would not be a poor man in the kingdom.

DR. WAX.

You are an honest fellow; and, as a proof of my regard for your Royal Master, I will, within a week, make you a pair of lungs, that shall shout, GOD

BLESS THE PRINCE OF WALES, from one end of Downing-street to the other. [*Exit 15th Patient.*]
You in the surtout, come forward.—What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I live in Carnaby-market, Sir, and am a green-grocer. My complaint is a Kexy.

DR. WAX.

It is well you came to me, for I am the only physician in all England, that knows how to cure a Kexy. It is a very obstinate and dangerous disease, to which all persons who sit in open shops are very liable.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I afsure you, Doctor, that mine does not come from that cause; for, during the nine years that I sat in an open shop, there was not a more healthy man in all the street: but it came upon me by hard study, and sitting up late reading physic, to qualify myself for a doctor.

DR. WAX.

A doctor!—a green-grocer and a doctor!—all the world are turning doctors!—There is not a blind alley without a doctor!

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I confess, Sir, I should never have thought of being a doctor, had it not been for a woman, who, about two months ago, came to my shop for a penny-worth of Cardus. She wanted to consult me for a child that lay sick of a fever in Hound's-ditch. I told her honestly, that though I sold herbs, I was no doctor. The good woman shook her head,—I shall never forget it, and said, it was a pity I did not go through with it, for I was half made.

DR. WAX.

She was a wicked woman for putting such a thought into your head.—And now I suppose you mean to shut up your shop, and practice physic.—You are a very impudent fellow.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I am sure, Sir, I have as much learning and common sense as my neighbour, Dr. Last, who rides in his chariot, and looks as big as any of them.

DR. WAX.

A man may look very big, and still be no doctor.—But, pray, Sir, how do you propose to get a licence?—If you come before the college, we will ask you such questions as shall make your hair stand on end.

SIXTEENTH PATIENT.

I do not intend to come before you at all. As soon as I have gone through “Culpepper’s Midwifery,” and “Every Man his own Doctor,” I shall apply to two substantial Housekeepers for a testimonial of my character; which, with ten guineas, will get me a degree from St. Ambrose, without any questions at all.

DR. WAX.

Turn that impudent fellow out of the shop.—I would sooner be damn’d than cure his Kexy:—Turn him out. (P) [Exit 16th Patient.]

I think Caxon would make a better doctor than that impudent fellow, the green-grocer. *He* has really smelt powder.

CAXON.

I have, Sir:—and tho’ I say it that should not say it, I knows Clamus Maticus from Gentian, which is

a bold word for a man in my station. But the trade is now so over-done, that I would not give a glaſs of gin for a licence.

DR. WAX.

Take care of what you ſay concerning the college. Speak reverently of wiſe men.

CAXON.

I only ſpeaks what I knows.

MR. MUDGE.

Silence, Caxon, or I ſhall confine you to your mortar.

DR. WAX.

You in the green coat, come forward.—What buſineſs do you follow, and what are your complaints?

SEVENTEENTH PATIENT.

I am ſecond rat-catcher to a great Aſſembly, but having nearly loſt the uſe of my limbs, I am rendered incapable of getting my living.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Medicated Baths, at Knight's-Bridge, and in a week's time you will be able to run as faſt as a greyhound.

[*Exit 17th Patient.*]

You in the green and gold, come forward.—What business do you follow, and what are your complaints?

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

I do teach Grown Gentleman and Lady to dance; but I have got so moch Rheumatic, dat I can nor rise nor sink.

DR. WAX.

Go to the Vapour Baths, and they will make you as supple as an eel.

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

Vil de Gentlemans cure me for noting, for I have got no monies?

DR. WAX.

Probably they will.

EIGHTEENTH PATIENT.

Den me vil tank de Gentlemans, and all my Scoler vil tank de Gentlemans too.

[Exit 18th Patient.]

SONG.

DR. WAX.

In story we're told,
By the poets of old,
How Venus rose out of the sea ;
'Twas a vapour gave birth,
To the fairest on earth,
The Goddess and Queen of Beauty, Beauty,
The Goddess and Queen of Beauty.

A bath of warm vapour,
Will make you to caper,
As light and as brisk as a roe ;
Then as fast as you may,
Take yourselves hence away,
And into the stewing-pot go, pot go,
And into the stewing-pot go.

I assure you, Mr. Mudge, I have seen more cures performed by these Baths, than by all the medicines of the college.

MR. MUDGE.

Begging your pardon, Doctor, they have already done a wonderful deal of mischief. Mrs. Pigtail, the tobacconist's wife, was the other day melted

almost into a jelly; and one Snip, a master-tailor, was so sweated, that, for a wager, he offered to jump thro' his own thimble. Seriously speaking, they must be put down by Parliament, or we shall all be ruined.

DR. WAX.

I will not unsay what I have said, for any man in England.

MR. MUDGE.

Is it for this that I have fed you, clothed you, and supported your beggarly family!

DR. WAX.

Sir, I scorn your words.

[They fight, and in the scuffle each receives a bloody nose.]

MR. MUDGE.

Call a constable!—Call a constable!

Enter MRS. MUDGE *with a yard measure, and her*
MAID *with a mop. They join in the attack upon the*
DOCTOR.

WOMEN.

Murder! Murder! Murder!—Fire! Fire! Fire!—
Oh! my poor husband!—Oh! my poor master!—
Murder! Murder! Murder!

Enter a CONSTABLE *and* ATTENDANTS.

CONSTABLE.

Hey-day!—What's the matter?—Has a murder
been committed?

MR. MUDGE.

Yes, yes, Mr Constable; that fellow has com-
mitted more murders in my shop, than ten tongues
can tell.—Seize him! Seize him!

CONSTABLE.

Oh! you bloody-minded villain.

SONG.

DR. WAX.

A cobbler I was, and I liv'd in a stall,
Which serv'd me for parlour, for kitchen, and hall,
No coin in my pocket, no care in my pate,
No ambition had I, nor no duns at my gate.
Derry down, down, down, derry down.

For ten little guineas I got a degree,
And soon learnt to cheat and to pocket a fee;
I soon learnt to look important and big,
In a rusty black coat and a full-bottom'd wig.
Derry down, &c.

To all who apply I distribute a pill,
And Fortune directs it to cure or to kill;
For urg'd on by you, without any dread,
I poison and murder for your daily bread.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' better in body, yet worse as to mind,
Some stings of remorse I begin for to find,
And conscience oft bids reflection to dwell,
On a certain dark place, which the parson calls Hell.
Derry down, &c.

Here take then this coat, this wig, and this cane,
To my stall and old shoes, I'll return back again,
I'll work and I'll sing, and at night I'll regale,
With a heart light as cork, o'er a jug of brown ale.
Derry down, &c.

[The Doctor is carried off.]

MRS. MUDGE.

And now, Mr. Mudge, since you have escaped with your life, let me once more intreat you to give over this wicked business, and return to your own honest trade of a corn-cutter: No longer let us sport with the lives of our fellow-creatures, for Providence will not permit such impositions to go unpunished. *[Comes forward.]*

From us, humble as we are, the wisest may learn wisdom; and as the cackling of a goose saved the Capitol of Rome, so may the cackling of a corn-cutter's wife preserve the Temple of Æsculapius.

[The Curtain drops.]

THAT there are many deserving practitioners, who are either Graduates of St. Ambrose, or have licences from Warwick-lane, cannot be questioned; but, at the same time, it must be allowed, that those medical hot-beds do sometimes produce men who are no honour to the profession. A country practitioner, who, for ten guineas, has got the cabalistical letters M. L. added to his name, or a physician who has never seen an University, (and whose Diploma came by the stage-coach) places himself upon the same level with the members of the College themselves. All therefore meant by this exhibition is, that, for the future, we may have as few tares sown with the wheat as possible.

W.

NOTES.

SALUS PUBLICA.—These words, as well as the emblematical figures, are very difficult to be explained. Tristram Shandy says, that every thing has two handles, and it is probable, had he been alive, that he would have given this plate as an illustration of his opinion. Some conjecture that the two birds represent the College of Hygeia and a certain University. Others say, that the **SALUS PUBLICA** has a political allusion, and, consequently, that the birds represent two distinguished Members of Opposition. Here, then, are two handles, and the reader may take hold of the one he likes best.

(a) It never was intended by the charter of Henry VIII. that a College licence should, *indirectly*, convert an apothecary into a physician; but, as Mrs. Inchbald says, “Such Things are.”

(b) This is the *quid pro quo*. It is a laudable practice, and likely to continue as long as physicians shall think it a degradation to dispense their own medicines.

(c) A man who, by chance, falls into a river and is drowned, is certainly obliged to those who, with much

trouble to themselves, have restored him to life. But with regard to a miserable being whose life was insupportable, it is doubted by some whether such tender mercy be not cruelty. Horace, in his Epistle to the Pisos, says, *Invitum qui servat idem facit occidenti*. A law restraining persons from dying *when* and *how* they think proper, is an infringement upon civil liberty. See writers on "Civil Liberty," *passim*.

(d) No stronger arguments can possibly be brought against the "Humane Society," than those used by Mr. Crape. It may be truly said, that the Institution does infinite credit to the humanity and perseverance of Dr. Hawes.

(e) At this time England was nearly brought to ruin by "Associations,"—the leaders of which, when they found that Parliament would not submit to be bullied, conceived resolutions full as extravagant as those of the Tabernacle.

(f) The Ministerial Dispensary is at present in Downing-street.—A golden ball over the door.

(g) "Two regiments of fuzileers may march from one end of America to the other." See *the Parliamentary Register* for 1772.

(h) Physic, as well as politics, has its changes and variations. There was a time when soap, quicksilver, tar-water, and fixed air, were in universal use; and it is more than probable, that tripe, which has as good pretensions, will

soon become a fashionable medicine. The congenial particles of tripe, when separated by the action of the digestive organs, are happily on the spot, and ready to be employed by the ANIMA MEDICA in the necessary repairs of decayed bowels. For the many kind offices hourly performed by this good lady, consult Dr. Nichols's elegant oration "De Anima Medica," delivered before a body of the best informed men in the kingdom.

(i) The old soldier, conscious of his services, steps boldly forward, and begs a box of Black Basilicon; but the fashionable beggar who has dissipated his fortune in brothels and gaming-houses, and whose life has been uniformly employed in weakening the sinews of the government under which he lives, dares not proceed in the same way; but, like the physicians of the last century, puts his hand behind his back to receive the charity of known and unknown friends.

(k) This is the theory of Associations. For the practice, consult the *Memoirs of France* for the years 1791, 92, 93, and 94. Subordination is the natural state of man. Equality is theoretical nonsense.

(l) That country must be free indeed, which allows men to take such political freedoms. When the *Pharmacopolist* was written, this island resembled the little book, called "The World turned Upside Down," in which an old American Snake is represented in the act of "charming" John Bull.

(m) For some years past several very ingenious medical men have engaged in the honourable pursuit of agriculture, and from their labours the public have received considerable advantages. It will therefore seem very extraordinary that those gentlemen should here receive a kind of censure. But when we consider that the author of this piece was himself a physician, and probably a cultivator, we must suppose that he is only making free with himself, that he may take greater liberties with other people.

(n) A celebrated physician, in the neighbourhood of Oxford, has discovered that consumptive persons should live in a vitiated atmosphere ; and, in support of his hypothesis, has published a practical discourse,—“ *insigne, recens, adhuc inditum ore alio.*”

(o) Although the College, in their late improved Dispensary, have directed all kinds of medicines to be prepared with distilled water, it is to be feared that the Society of Apothecaries will not generally comply with the order. It is therefore recommended, that a steam-engine be erected in all large towns, for the purpose of supplying the Faculty with distilled water. The water, thus obtained, will cost but little, as the engine may be made to grind, stamp, and levigate at the same time; and thus, by shortening manual labour, the present high price of medicines will be reduced, to the great comfort of the poor, who will thereby be enabled to purchase two boluses at the price of one.

(P). The manner that medical degrees are given by the University of St. Ambrose, must, in the opinion of those who are unacquainted with the circumstances of things, depreciate the honors bestowed by the University of Edinburgh on medical students of approved merit. This medical seminary, confessedly superior to any in Europe, has only to lament its being placed in the same kingdom with the University of St. Ambrose.

“ Mantua, vae miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ ! ”

☞ When the Pharmacopolist was written, Dispensaries were not the same honourable Institutions that they now are : An apothecary's shop was generally chosen for the place where the sham doctor received his patients, and where the diseased poor were most shamefully imposed upon.

THE END.







